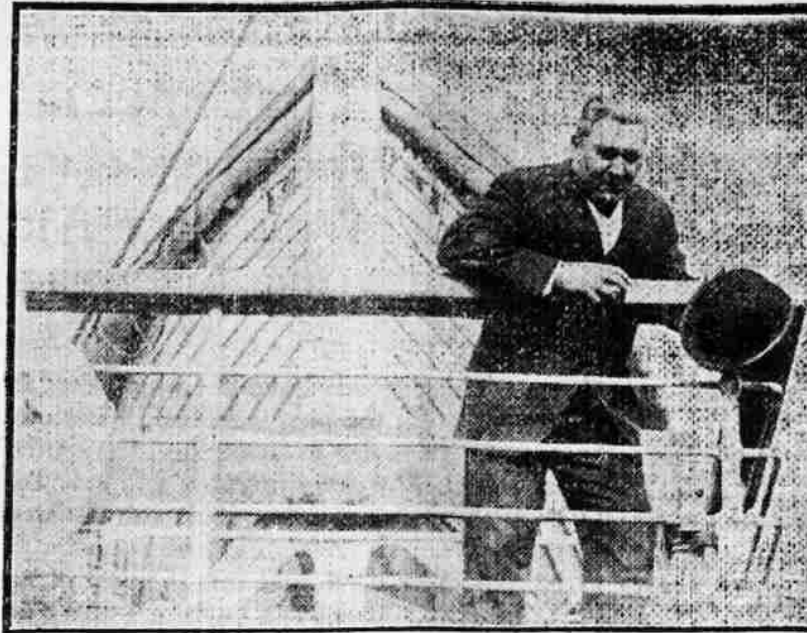


TOMORROW AND MONDAY ONLYThat inimitable and pleasing star,
MARIE DORO,**"THE MORALS OF MARCUS"**One of the most artistic and pleasing photoplays ever shown at
The Ogden Theater.

"And Thus They Passed the Rest of That Eventful Night"—scene from "The Morals of Marcus," two days only at The Ogden.



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TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY ONLYBy special arrangement, we present that vivid, thrilling drama of
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A scene from Edith Taliaferro's great success, "Young Romance," next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.



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**Last Time
Tonight**Jolly Maclyn Arbuckle in that great
comedy-drama**"It's No Laughing Matter"**But no matter if you laugh,
A show worth while.
5c and 10c.

The management is proud of the three splendid offerings this coming week. If you want the biggest dime's worth of entertainment in America, see these superb offerings; great plays, great producers and great stars. "The Greyhound" is a wonderful drama of the underworld—We give free, while they last, a beautiful Mary Pickford souvenir to every lady who attends "The Greyhound," Tuesday and Wednesday.

**5c and
10c****OGDEN THEATER****"WHERE YOUR PLEASURE IS PARAMOUNT."****5c and
10c****Tonight
Last Time**

That wonderful comedian, Maclyn Arbuckle, in Bosworth's comedy-drama

"It's No Laughing Matter"Last time tonight. Don't miss it.
5c and 10c.**Under and Up a Tree**

By Annette Angert

AFTERNOON, sir. Very hot day, sir."

It was Miller, a park custodian and old acquaintance of mine.

"Hot!" I sighed.

"Miller, can you tell me why I'm not allowed to sit under a tree?"

"Couldn't say, sir. Don't seem no manner of sense in it," he admitted frankly. "But it's the committee's orders, sir."

"But even committees," I protested, "must have reasons for their actions?"

Miller appeared to doubt it. "Well, it's like this, sir," he said confidentially. "They call a meeting up in the city, and prattle there 'bout much to discuss, all going pretty regular in such a park as this, as I need hardly tell you sir. But committees don't like to feel as they ain't doing anything, sir, and that's where we get such rules as this. Seems like as if they'd make a rule to close the park rather'n go home without doing nothing, when nothing don't want doing. Look to them like not being a committee, that would."

With a casual glance under the trees in my vicinity he went his way.

A minute or two later a girl turned the corner of the path, and came slowly towards me. When she reached a little group of chairs almost opposite me she paused, hesitating. Her eyes traveled to the cool, shadowed grass beneath the nearest tree, and I smiled; it was easy to guess her thought.

Then she closed her sunshade with a little snap of decision, tucked it and her book under one arm, and with her free hand dragged one of the iron chairs into the shadow of the tree.

I watched her enviously. It was a

clear case of the ignorance that is blies. In all probability Miller would not return for half an hour or so, and how desirable was half an hour of shade on such a day! I stifled an ungenerous impulse to speak to her of park committees and turned back to work.

But I could not forget her—could not help looking at her. What were the gaudy splashes of color in the rhododendrons compared with the delicate, elusive charm of her face? By the time I heard Miller's step on the gravel again my only desire was to shield her from observation.

I entered into rather garrulous conversation with him, but it was useless; her white dress caught his eye, and he crossed the path.

"Very sorry, Miss," he vowed, though firm, was not uncompassionate. "It's against orders to take the chairs under the trees."

The girl was reading; she did not look up. Miller quitted the path for the grass.

"Sorry to disturb you, Miss," he said civilly, in a slightly louder tone. "These chairs ain't allowed to be moved."

The girl gave a little start, and then her head fell to her lap. She shook her head, and made a fluttering gesture with her hands, smiling a little.

Miller looked perplexed, and turned to me. "Looks as though she was deaf and dumb," he suggested.

I was too much shocked at the idea to answer, and watched the girl anxiously. Her lips parted, and I motioned to Miller.

"Not—Benches!" came from her lips pathetically.

Miller considered. "Don't look like a parleyvo, neither," he threw over his shoulder to me. Then he crossed the grass to her. From behind my chair I watched discreetly.

Miller tapped the back of her chair and pointed to the path.

She nodded emphatically, repeating his movements in explanatory fashion. But she did not move.

Miller scratched his chin. "I don't mean," he said very distinctly, "where did you take the chair from, miss, but where it's got to be taken back."

She smiled disarmingly, reminding him by a little hesitating movement that she could not understand. It was certainly awkward for Miller; I wondered what he would do.

What he did do was to go back to the path and beckon to her to follow. I admitted his resourcefulness.

The girl obeyed his obvious wishes wonderingly, and then Miller, hurrying back, returned with the chair and planted it firmly in its place.

"There you are," he said triumphantly. "Now I reckon you understand?"

The girl smiled again, making a courteous gesture of apology.

Miller left her, swinging down the path past me.

"A rare lot of foreigners we get here; soon got used to making 'em understand," he explained, with modest pride.

The girl meanwhile had not sat down. She was examining the chair curiously and with a puzzled look—turning it about, feeling the seat and back. Presently, with a shake of the head she left it, and walked to the next one.

But she did not sit down on it, and she shared with me the sultry heat of the shadowless path. Before my astonished eyes she picked it up, and returned with it to the same spot under the same tree.

Another half hour went by; then I saw him coming.

"Well, I'm blessed!" broke from him as his eyes rested on the girl.

"I say, Miller, it's all right!" I called, rather anxiously. "She didn't understand, you know—thought you meant the chair wasn't safe, or something. So she took another."

"Miss!" he said, patiently.

The girl looked up abstractedly, and, seeing Miller, nodded a friendly welcome. With her hand she patted the chair in gentle assurance that it was safe and that she was grateful for his kindly thought.

I chuckled delightedly, but Miller saw no humor in the situation. From the path he beckoned to her again, and with surprised docility she went to him.

Then Miller went painstakingly through an illuminating performance. Lifting each chair in turn, he took it a few steps across the grass, turned, shook his head, and brought it back.

"See?" he inquired.

The girl, with pretty eagerness, manifested her desire to understand. In proof of her complete comprehension she finally repeated his performance with a chair herself, looking up at him questioningly as she put it back on the path.

Miller nodded approval, and jerked his head sideways at me. "She's got the hang of it now all right," he said, and went his way.

But Miller was mistaken.

The girl gave a little pull to her hat and smoothed down her skirt. Then she picked up her book and sunshade, walked across to her old place, and sat down on the grass.

I forgot the heat; I forgot the rhododendrons; I forgot everything except that laughter belongs to all languages, and that, therefore, I must not laugh.

But it was not easy. The entire unconsciousness of the girl—her little air of unassailable rectitude—was de-

lightful. Truly the way of the transgressor is not invariably hard. I reflected, and awaited Miller with lively interest.

He looked inclined to lose his temper. I hastily explained the girl's very natural mistake.

"Takes some driving in, don't it?" he demanded resignedly. "Funny thing how little sense you get along with the pretty 'uns ain't it? Well, 'ere goes."

This time he bent down and patted the grass, shaking his head vigorously. The transgressor looked puzzled. But suddenly her face beamed intelligence. Pulling off her gloves, she rubbed one soft white hand along the grass and then presented it confidently for Miller's inspection.

"Now what's she driving at?" Miller muttered perplexedly.

"She's explaining," I called to the afflicted custodian, "that your anxiety is groundless. The grass is quite dry. Anxiety be blown!" said Miller, and was guided into the faculty of speech and sarcasm.

"I done my best," he said witheringly to the girl, "and I won't engage, 's far as I know, as an interpreter, nor yet I ain't no Bloomin' tower of Babel. Short of pickin' you up and chuckin' you outside the gates, which is against orders, I done all I know. 's my belief that you'd get along right enough without English if you'd only got a he'sport of natural born common sense."

He thrust out an ornamental hand, and the girl, who had been looking astonished and vaguely distressed, brightened. She hurriedly opened a diminutive purse, confident of having at last solved the mystery and ended all expense.

Miller sighed as he watched her. "Not but what I've earned more than

six bob," he observed gloomily as he stood up. Glancing across at me he appeared exasperated by my obvious amusement.

"Praps you'd like a chance of rubbin' up some of your foreign languages, sir," he suggested maliciously. "If you'd be so good as to mention in double Dutch an' 'eathen Chinese about sittin' under the trees I'm sure I'd be obliged to you."

I went reluctantly towards him, conscious of my little German and less French.

The girl raised wondering eyes to mine.

"Mademoiselle, c'est defendu!" I began, but stopped abruptly at the look of blank incomprehension on her face.

"Polleest verboten," I hazarded.

She shook her head.

An obvious solution of the difficulty occurred to me. Bending down I tried to read her book. But with a quick, defensive movement her hands covered it.

As well as I could by signs I protested the purity of my motives, and was so far successful that she appeared to absolve me of a desire to steal it and remove one hand. I bent down, and she fasten each port non son face.

I glanced at Miller. "Taliaferro, I'm sorry I don't know any."

Miller was clearly exasperated. "Ho!" he said. "That's unfortunate, because no more don't I. Now, if it ad only bin Spanish or Portuguese, or even a bit o' the jitsu, deasy we could 'ave managed, but—"

A clock in the distance struck 5. Miller's face brightened magically.

"Good day, sir; good day, miss," he said. "Never wanted me tea more. An' if I meet Davis comin' on dooty I'll give 'im a tip to keep clear o' this

corner, if 'e don't want to be drove clean off 'is 'ead."

He hurried away, and the girl's eyes followed him with a puzzled look, not unmixed with relief. Then she turned to me with a little courteous gesture and held out her hand. Apparently she thought I had been instrumental in ridding her of the overzealous Miller.

I took her offered hand, and a sudden impulse assailed me. It was natural, I reflected swiftly, that I should say something, even though she could not understand. What would it matter if, instead of the conventional remark she would suppose it to be, I—

If one could have [I quoted softly] that little face of hers

Painted upon a background of pale gold. . . .

No shade ascratching on the matchless mold

of those two lips, which should be opening soft—

I broke off, fingers trembled in mine, and were suddenly withdrawn. With a little, embarrassed laugh she thrust her book upon me. I gazed at it, bewildered.

"So le fazon che port—" I read again, and turned my eyes to the opposite page.

"If the features which thou wearest be not false—"

Yes, no mistake Dante's "Inferno," with the English version opposite the Italian.

"Well!" said the girl, softly.

I caught my breath. "You—you are English!"

She looked at me reproachfully. "Didn't you hear me say I wasn't?"

"Well, but—"

"Irish," said the girl.

I suppose I still looked puzzled.

"It—it was too hot for anything," she explained further.

BILLS IN LEGISLATURE

(Continued from Page 3)

ed for passage by committee on counties.

Senate bill No. 77, by Evans—An act relating to actions for personal injuries. Recommended for passage by judiciary committee.

Senate bill No. 101, by Craig—An act forbidding false statements in advertisements. Recommended for passage by judiciary committee.

Senate bill No. 106, by Chey—An act relating to bonds for security for accounts. Recommended for passage by judiciary committee.

Senate bill No. 129, by Rideout—An act validating titles under territorial probate court. Recommended for passage by judiciary committee.

Senate bill No. 100, by Evans—An act providing for the protection of contractors on public works. Recommended for passage by judiciary committee.

Senate bill No. 176, by Rideout—An act providing that fees of Agricultural college shall go to general fund of the state. Recommended for passage by committee on public funds.

Senate bill No. 180, by Rideout—An act providing that fees of state board of dental examiners shall go to general fund of the state. Recommended for passage by committee on public funds.

Senate bill No. 182, by Rideout—An act providing that fees of University of Utah shall go to general fund of the state. Recommended for passage by committee on public funds.

Senate bill No. 178, by Rideout—An act providing that fees of state prison shall go to general fund of the state. Recommended for passage by committee on public funds.

Senate bill No. 179, by Rideout—An act providing that the fees of the state board of barber examiners shall go to the general fund of the state. Recommended for passage by committee on public funds.

Senate bill No. 181, by Rideout—An act providing that the fees of the industrial school, the state school for the deaf and blind and the state mental hospital shall go to the general fund of the state. Recommended for passage by committee on public funds.

Senate bill No. 215, by committee on military affairs—An act abolishing the office of district attorney. Recommended for passage by committee on military affairs.

House bill No. 235, by committee on highways and bridges—An act providing for the construction of roads to connect with state and county highways. Recommended for passage and placed on calendar.

House bill No. 238, by judiciary committee—An act to provide for the non-partisan election of judges. Recommended for passage and placed on calendar.

House bill No. 239, by judiciary committee—An act creating a state board of chiropractors. Placed on the calendar.